

The Frankfort Roundabout.

GEORGE A. LEWIS, Publisher.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

TERMS, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Volume X.

FRANKFORT, KY., AUGUST 20, 1887.

Number 49.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON!

Fall Suitings JUST RECEIVED

BY

HUDSON, HUMPHRIES & CASSELL.

Come Early and Make Your Selection.

Communicated.

HARP, KY.,
August 15th, 1887.

Dear Editor:

A long-legged, bandy-shanked, knock-kneed, flop-eared ox, with one horn has run wild in the arid desert surrounding Hatton, and every rag that flaps its fringed edges in the sultry atmosphere arouses his taurine nature to such an extent that the old "rock-ribbed" hills in the vicinity reverberate again and again with his wild bellowing. The first thing that seemed to attract his attention and produce these symptoms of *mania potu*, which alarmed his anxious friends, was the unfriendly treatment his bovine mate received at the hands of his excellency, Gov. Knott.

As a mark of his virtuous indignation he consumed, according to his own statement, enough tangle foot to fill five wagons with the empty bottles, and offers them for sale in Benson and Bald Knob precincts as bottles emptied by Methodist, Baptist and Campbellite deacons.

He afterwards run his remaining horn against his friend Murray, goring him to such a degree that the defunct body, badly mutilated, was found by sympathizing friends a thousand miles or so in rear of Judge R. A. Thomson's present office. Then began a series of aimless wanderings in and around various historic sections, such as Harper's Ferry, Stone Kitchen and Craw—more frequently Craw than anywhere else—where, if a rag was not flaunted in his face, he absorbed a sufficiency of his favorite beverage—tangle-foot—to create a stir and vent his rage upon the empty school-houses and churches in the vicinity.

The last wild effort was getting his horn under the coat tails of a very worthy gentleman named Bradley, who was making his way to Frankfort, and tossing, cayotting, pushing and shoving, never letting up, until Mr. Bradley was left struggling in the cold and slimy waters of Salt river. He passes under the euphonious cognomen of "Zeke," and, not having the good fortune, in his youthful days, to possess a surname, one was found for him. Zeke's bovine nature instinctively understood the modern use of the yoke. When the social problem of what to do with the colored people after their freedom came up for solution, Zeke very laconically said, "yoke 'em." This oft-repeated solution became so characteristic and individualized that he now is known as Zeke Yoke'em or Zeke Yocum. He has a half-brother living in Lebanon, Ky., named Joe Yocum, although Joe is much more consistent in his politics, religion and morals than his brother. Joe has been a good Republican all his life, while Zeke professed to be a good Democrat until about a year ago, when, in one of his wild freaks, he jumped out of the good old Democratic ship into the rotten Republican tub, after the bottom had burned out of the tub. Since which time he is but repeating the old story of butting the locomotive off the bridge. He writes fantastic letters; writes sarcastic letters; writes funny letters; writes raging letters; writes letters bubbling over with self-conceit. He knows, yes he knows, just how Uncle Sam should drive his wagon to avoid all the rough places, and then he don't know how to keep in smooth places.

Only last week he very innocently says, speaking of General

Apathy "I don't know whether he was a Federal or Confederate officer." Why don't you know that, for twenty-four years prior to 1885, Gen. Apathy ran this great government in his own interest? His name indicates his disposition—want of feeling for the people. He it was who gave to great railroad corporations millions of dollars in land that did not belong to him; engineered the Credit Mobilier steal; induced public officials to tarnish their honor by grabbing money out of the public treasury; planned the deliberate stealing of the Presidency in 1876, and who coaxed the people to levy a tax upon themselves to raise money to pay the national debt, and, when the people responded with a patriotic and lavish hand, changed his mind and said, "the people have plenty of money and we will steal it from them, we will not pay the debt, but we will tax them all the same." Then he tried to give it to all the camp-followers and vagabonds that skulked along the lines during the war, but the true soldier objected, and President Cleveland choked him off there.

Afterward he took another turn and appealed to parental love and said, "I will steal this money and give it to you to educate your children," but there was too much honor and manhood in those parents to accept such a dubious gift. This is the same Gen. Apathy whom Zeke writes about and calls him Bill Bradley.

Whatever name you give him his principles are always the same—"opposed to the interest of the people." The next time you speak of Gen. Apathy call him as you did in your last letter, Bill Bradley and you will know for yourself and every body will understand you.

Zeke complains that all his old friends have "faded and gone" from the Stone Kitchen. Yes, we believe she went to housekeeping in Frankfort several years ago. The old Stone Kitchen, in good old "ante bellum" days, was for all the world the very place where men of Zeke's stripe could have been imbued with the idea of fighting for one cause and talking and writing for another. Reversing the old maxim by making it paper ballots for your enemies and lead bullets for your friends.

Poor Zeke fought, bled, and wanted to die with his friends in the last war. Now these same friends have become old fogies; opposed to progress; opposed to education and opposed to Republicanism, and he never tires of bringing out these points and hurling them with force of a Hercules at the innocent heads of his auditors. He alone has escaped the meshes of the entangling net.

Taking his stand upon the sandy platform of Republicanism, he discourses in ravishing strains of the beauties of an education for the masses of the people; tells us how much better it would be if we would steal the money collected to pay out debts with and aid our schools with it. With a loud outcry he says our taxes are too great; that the Democrat party will make our taxes higher and more burdensome; but if the people say we will pay no tax to build railroads, aid banks or other corporations, he says we are old fogies and opposed to progress. So, like the child building cob houses to be knocked down, he builds up one theory and demolishes it with another.

Poor Zeke, you have our sympathy for your weakness, for laying aside righteous principles and

honest government for a "will-o-the-wisp."

The party, you have allied your interest with, has never been known to reward integrity or recognize true worth in manhood, or trust a repenting rebel. Your facile pen must henceforth be used in support of a myth or return like a dog to his vomit.

J. C. WILSON.

The rainfall of Sunday morning was 0.4 inches, and of Sunday night 1.14 inches.

Mr. Cobb is out in an article against Prohibition. If Cobb does not know what should be done with the extract of corn, to whom shall we give ear.—*Ex.*

LECOMPT & CARPENTER,

SOUTH FRANKFORT, KY.,

DRUGGISTS

—AND—

PHARMACEUTISTS,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

DRUGS, MEDICINES & CHEMICALS.

PERFUMERY,

FANCY TOILET ARTICLES,

PHYSICIAN'S

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully compounded. Patent Medicines Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.